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SOURCE OF THE LITTLE FORK OF THE BASSETT RIVER

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SOURCES OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

By WALTER D. WILCOX

The Saskatchewan, one of the larger rivers of North America, takes its source in the rugged fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, and flows eastward over the sparsely inhabited plains of southern Canada till it reaches Lake Winnipeg. Save for a rapid at its mouth, the river is navigable for steamboats for about 1,000 miles. Strangely enough its two chief branches come from the same ice-fields in the high Rockies, and after diverging several hundred miles unite far out on the rolling plains about 200 miles from their source.

From the Canadian Pacific railway the easiest way to reach the headwater tributaries of the Saskatchewan is by ascending the Bow river to its source. My friend, Mr R. L. Barrett, and I left the station of Laggan on July 12, 1898, bound northward, in the hope of reaching the Athabasca pass and measuring the height of Mt Brown and Mt Hooker. For such an extensive journey, which would require two months to accomplish, we had five saddle-horses and ten pack-horses to carry our provisions and camp necessities. To manage the horses and arrange our camps we engaged two skilled packers, Tom Lusk and Fred Stephens (the latter an expert uaman) and also a cook.

On the third march from civilization we came to the upper Bow lake, which is about 20 miles from the railroad. This lake, though only four miles long, has fine surroundings, being closely pressed by grand precipices hung with ice and frequently echoing to the thunder of avalanches, while its isolated shores and green forests make it one of the most attractive spots in the

Rockies. A muddy stream descends from a glacier beyond the head of the lake and pollutes its clear waters, while a trout brook comes from an upland valley lying to the northwest, and this latter stream is perhaps the true source of the Bow. Up the valley countless springs and melting snowbanks, with large tracts of swampy land, contribute their waters from every side. The level of the valley rises into a gently sloping plain, the last rivulet is passed, and one stands on the divide overlooking the Little Fork of Saskatchewan river.

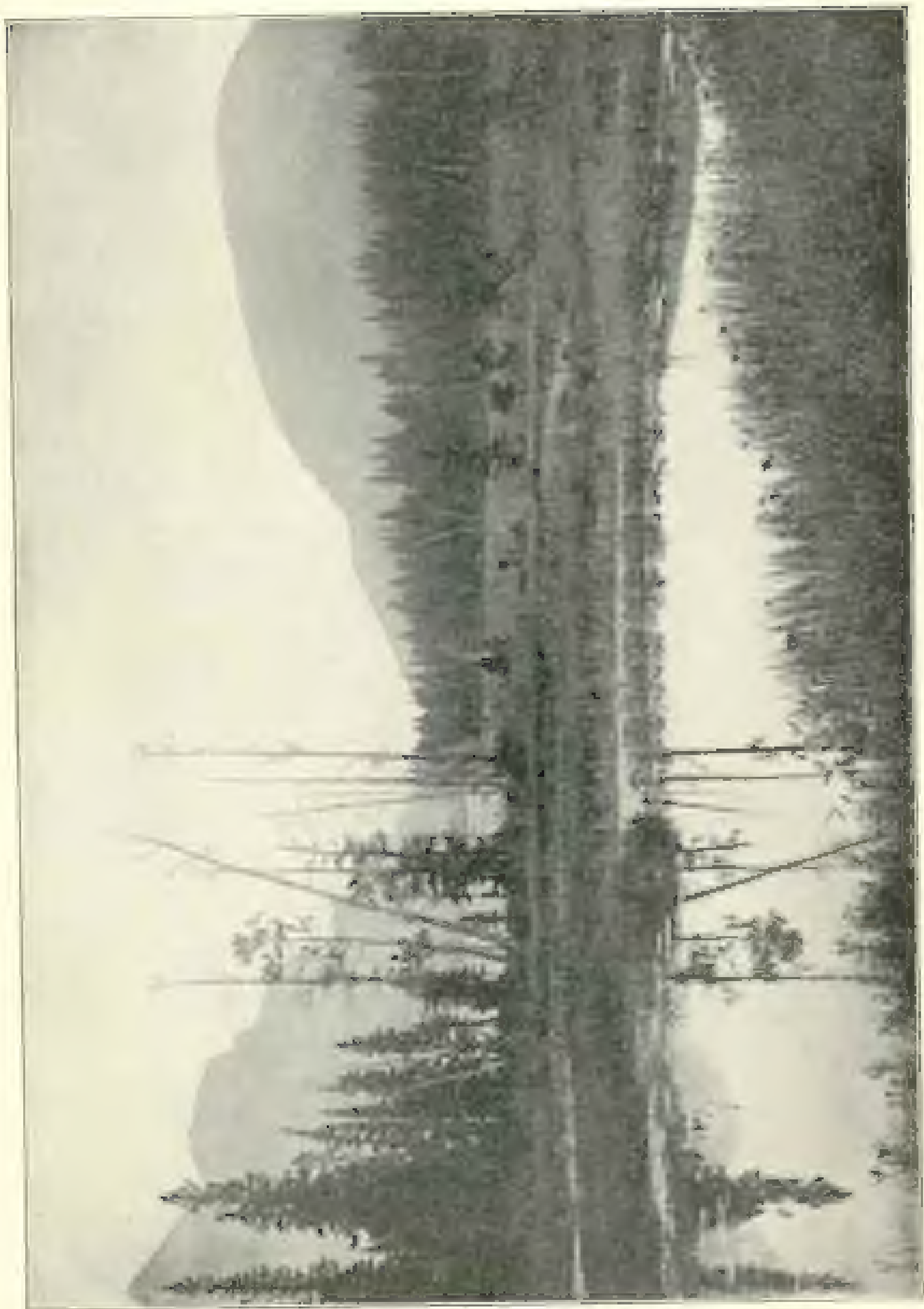
Those who have reached this region have had an opportunity of seeing one of the grandest views that the mountains offer. Far to the west are the lofty peaks of the highest range of the Canadian Rockies, buried in perpetual snow and discharging their surplus ice by glaciers in every lateral valley. Deep set amid dark precipices, such a glacier is to be seen west of the pass. From two cavernous ice-tunnels a large stream issues and sweeps in a devious course over a barren gravel-wash for a mile or more, till it enters a lake. Then, as the clear stream leaves the lake and winds away to the northwest, it is lost to view, hidden amid deep forests, and only reveals its course here and there where it expands into one or another of the many lakes which this valley contains. Between the spurs of the summit range on the west and a parallel range on the east, the great trough or valley which carries the Little Fork and the North Fork of the Saskatchewan draws away in a nearly straight line for more than 60 miles, till it is lost in the blue haze of distance.

The summit of the pass is a delightful region, situated at an altitude of 6,700 feet, or only 300 feet below tree-line. The woodland is consequently rather open and abounds in meadows, while the spruce trees, many of which must be four or five centuries old, have that symmetrical beauty of form rarely seen where there is less space and light in the crowded forests of the deep valleys.

It seemed best to camp on the summit, as a forest fire had broken out in the Little Fork valley some miles distant and was sweeping furiously up the mountains to the east. Mr Barrett and one of the packers spent the next day in making a horseback excursion to investigate the extent of the fire and see if there was a way through. They returned in the evening, after a hard day's travel, without having reached the fire. It was evident that the distance had been much underestimated, perhaps owing to the great extent of view from the pass; but it was



VIEW OF THE LITTLE FALLS OF THE SARANAC RIVER



small comfort to know that the fire was farther off than had been supposed, as we had to change our idea of its magnitude. As there was nothing to be gained by waiting, we moved a short march into the valley the next day.

The descent into the Little Fork valley is much steeper than on the other side of the pass, and in the first three miles the trail drops about 1,000 feet. These mountain trails were used by the Indians long before the whites came into the country. In every important valley, especially where game abounds, there are trails which prove of great value to the traveler.

As our horses were wading through a deep forest, a bird appeared which resembled a pine bullfinch, flitting from tree to tree and following us closely. Somewhat later it gave the most remarkable instance of tameness that I have ever seen. Having followed us for about two miles, it waited in a tree during the bustle and confusion of making camp, but in the afternoon, when all was quiet and some of our men were asleep, the bird became exceedingly familiar, walking on the ground near us and finally perching on our extended hands. It was soon evident that the object of our visitor was to catch mosquitoes, which were hovering in swarms around our heads. It pecked at a ring on my hand, at our needles, and in fact any metal article, but the climax was reached when by accident the bird saw its own image in a small looking-glass which lay on the ground. Then, with extended wings and open bill, it uttered cries of rage and pecked madly at the glass in which an enemy appeared. Among the solitudes of mountain forests squirrels, finches, and whiskey-jacks often show unusual confidence in man, but this particular instance is remarkable, because the bird would alight on our persons even after it had been momentarily though gently detained several times as a prisoner in my hand.

Further investigation showed that it was possible to get our horses through the fire, which had spent its energy on a large extent of green timber, so after three hours' travel from camp we came to the burning trees, where the fire was advancing slowly, as there was a calm. Then came several miles of the recently burned area, now changed to a forest of blackened sticks, some of which were already fallen, with here and there a column of smoke rising from smouldering moss, and everything half concealed in a snowy covering of ashes. At the other edge of the fire there was more danger, and frequently some tree would flash up and send a scorching heat toward us. We were chiefly anx-

ious that the packs should not take fire and cause a stampede among the horses, so for a considerable distance we drove our animals along the edge of a lake and frequently waded deep in the water to avoid the heat of blazing trees.

After an exhausting march of six hours we made our camp in a muskeg, or swamp, about half a mile from the fire. The wind, however, which had been increasing for a time, began to carry the fire toward us, and our situation soon became alarming when some heavy timber began to blaze and the columns of flame, shooting hundreds of feet into the air, made a terrifying sight, which caused our horses to stop feeding. At one time a funnel-shaped whirlwind about 200 feet high formed over the heated area and remained there a few moments.

At the rate of progress the fire was making, we should soon have been surrounded had we not packed up and moved a mile further down the valley. The second camp was made by the side of a considerable stream, wide enough to stop the fire; but toward evening cloud banners began to form at the peaks of the mountains, and next day, after many weeks of drought, rain fell steadily for ten hours and fortunately extinguished for a time the fires that were destroying this beautiful valley.

We were now two days' journey down the Little Fork valley, a distance of about 18 miles in a straight line. We remained in camp the next day to do a little survey work from a mountain to the east. From this point, at an altitude of 8,000 feet, the Little Fork valley appears straight, deep, and comparatively narrow, with a number of lateral valleys coming in from the west side and cutting the mountain masses into projecting spurs. The strata of the mountains are for the most part nearly horizontal, and the cliffs are frequently almost vertical. There were six lakes in view from our survey point, of which two, each about a mile long, were merely expansions of the river, three were in lateral valleys, and one lay far up the valley where the river takes its source. The lateral valleys head in the summit range to the west and probably have never been visited.

The scenery is very grand near the lakes. A striking peak about 10,000 feet in height, with a precipitous rock face and wedge-shaped summit, stands guardian, and, together with the jagged mountains near it, helps to give a gloomy, fiord-like appearance to the region. Mt. Murchison is supposed to lie in a group of mountains to the east of this place, and, as seen from the Pipestone pass by Dr. Hester, was estimated to be 13,000

fact. It has never been seen from the Little Fork valley, though we saw not a trace of it at our distance.

July 22 we embarked at Lehigh and reached Saskatoon river. The boat is very good, and safe for many miles up the forests of splendid timber especially in the great valley of the Saskatchewan. At the time of junction of the Saskatchewan to the rapid stream about 150 yards wide and apparently quite deep, and the pure lake waters of the Little Fork are soon lost to view in the muddy volume of the main river. The Saskatchewan, however, is about four miles wide at this point, the river itself flowing between banks of general soft, red soil, and the massive mountains on every side are between 10,000 and 12,000 feet high, they are less imposing than would be expected of their distance. The main river runs a bold northeast, cutting through the mountain ranges, and taking its source to the southwest among the highest glacier bearing peaks of the Sierrita range.

A very large tributary, which we called the "North Fork," comes in from the northwest at Lehigh, and on an river about the same as the Little Fork. It is never so perfectly placed.

Butler's name, or was there any available information as to the people who were to come. From Stony Indians who travel through these mountains knew little of the river, because, it is said, many years ago one of their tribe was lost while hunting in that region, and they think he was destroyed by an evil spirit there. At all events, they will take no chances, and are not a part of the country now.

Our route to the Athabasca however, by the main river, as our first duty was to find a ford across the Saskatchewan. A day was spent in finding a safe place, as the river was in summer flood, and the stage was the highest stage. Mr Barrett, with character-

the river appeared out a long low sand island to the width of nearly half a mile.

A sense of relief came when the next day, after finding the turbulent Little Fork, we had crossed the main river which is of great size at this point, and did not feel from its most distant sources, and were safely on its north side. Turning northward along a high ridge, we came in a short time to the North Fork which appears to be called the so-called Middle Fork or main river. At this point above its mouth the North Fork flows between rocky banks and there is a fall of rapid to a constricted channel with a few immense masses of fallen rock, where the water surges



the front of each room. Each window is painted, so that we
can get some sun light and enough light for the room and I see
it on a lamp. And a I have covered it with a curtain. I have
two red two blue two green and a brown one and we were so happy
to have it. I hope to see you soon. I have not had a letter
from you for a long time. I hope you are well.

The first two days were uneventful and I did not get to camp, but on a third we crossed large virgin forests, but were kept back by a dry brook and the narrow passages. On the fourth we crossed a big swamp a steep bank of the river and the horses stumbled and fell some legs and tails were lacerated. The horses were carrying 200 pounds of load, and to add to the hardship of the situation the action of the river, which was very turbulent, was so rapid and noisy that it was almost impossible to hear the horses. However we did not require water or any food except the very small tanks on a portable heater.

Then to reach the river a stream from the west unites with the North Fork. As the two streams are about 100 miles apart we were at a loss what to do to know in order to reach the Abasco basin. In order to get a more extended view of the country, an ascent was made of a mountain which lies between the two rivers. On the summit, at an altitude of 8,468 feet, it was seen that the western stream takes its source in a large plateau about 12 miles square. A mountain of 10,000 feet across was given by the valley of the river, but it must be confessed that less is known about this river than of any other source of the Saskatchewan. At the foot of this ascent we were offered the best of a rough route and not far up the western branch. The other valley however seemed exceedingly deep, canyon like in the early morning distance, but it was very deep. Though there was scrubby forest trees in place of considerable numbers went up of late. I tried some photographic work, but among a forest but failed to obtain, when I was returning for a plateau, the strong wind blew my camera over and broke it and I on the rough limestone rocks. The most interesting parts, the growing grass and ferns, for a mile or two and where the water and grass were scarce. With a total exposure for such an exposure on the camera was over 100 feet a few hours' labor and I had to leave it with later in the day. The men returned in the evening. I reported that there was a trail in the deep valley to the north west.

The next five days we advanced only about ten miles because of the uncertainty of the trails, the rough nature of the forests, and repeated crossings of the river. Our progress was slow, and I had occasion to say "get it or lose it" and "explore and quit" at the trail for the next day as far as possible each afternoon. In this way the river is at the bottom of a narrow valley, the sides of which are almost perpendicular here and there to a mass of trees clinging to the edges. Streams and springs of various kinds occurred in delicate curtains of spray or great falls waterfalls welled from side to side every five rods. The flood of glacial waters sweeps over a gravel-wash to a distance of three miles, the surface of water swinging from one side to another of the valley at I would judge about seven or ten miles below the falls. This rough sort of topography is used as a cross-bed to cross the stream and constantly rise. There are no forests in general but in the dense forest below the river waterfalls with ever a spray that our crossings were not without excitement. In spite of the best judgment and care of our packers horses got a good deal their death several times and had to swim across. As the such as horses are guided by chains, very many times the floating, at the pack station we were taking along a but as, confusion by the spotting of the men and the noise of the rapids, hesitate and often enter the river and then are forced below the best ford and to get in a deep water. Large men, as well as a big pack, narrow tracks such as horses or men, not able for the safety of the horses, but even for the success of a expedition in case a large quantity of provisions is lost. The packers can not swim very far with their tight clothing and are covered by water of these men and a streamer paralyze their muscles very quickly.

The trail at length leaves the river and makes a rapid ascent through forests on the east side of the valley, so that in an hour we had gained 1,000 feet. Through the trees we caught glimpses of an different scenery, the towering mountains on the east and not the mountains as I have yet seen or rising into an or at times and to the west an immense glacier, which was the source of the largest stream. The North Fork was rapidly divided into its ultimate tributaries. The series of mountain streams is forming in cascades, the picturesque forest of horses each

11

way, the splendid forest around us, our great height, and the tremendous grandeur of the mountain scenery, all helped to make our surroundings most enjoyable. Above the sound of



wind in the forest there was presently heard the roar of a waterfall. In the distance beyond we saw a large stream of water rushing from the top of a high precipice and falling in one long unbroken leap down a great height.

As our trail led to where we had seen the water, we were surprised to find the high rocks and the forest so low. It was hardly higher than the tops of some of the trees. It was hardly higher than the tops of some of the trees. It was hardly higher than the tops of some of the trees.

The country is a beautiful wooded valley with timber of our country at a distance of about half a mile above the sea. Near our camp was the river which at this place is a comparatively small stream of clear, cold water. It is a stream which is a comparatively small stream of clear, cold water.

From the camp, a small mountain which lay to the west of our camp. From the south the two passes were visible, one five miles to the north and the other more nearly half a mile to the north-west. The view to the west was more extended. There was a large stream of water directly before us, the one we had seen earlier in the day, which supplies the greater part of the water of the North River. At least six or seven miles of the glacial river may extend further behind the intervening mountains.

The glacier has receded and now it is a great lake by which the water of the North River flows into the sea.

The next day Mr Barrett went off to the north, if possible, a mountain over 11,000 feet in altitude, north of the camp, where one of the packers and I started to explore the passes to the north-west. The other packer spent part of the day investigating the other pass. The division of labor was a great saving of time. At our camp there that evening, which had not occurred till midnight, when the last of our party came into camp, it was decided that the pass to the north seemed to offer the best route to the Athabasca. Mr Barrett, having seen the mountain, because the mountain was more distant than it appeared. The pass to the north-west was more favorable and on the next day we moved our camp, some ten miles to the north-west. The descent of the North River is from a small place on the west side of a broad plateau. The descent of the North River is from a small place on the west side of a broad plateau. The descent of the North River is from a small place on the west side of a broad plateau.

Upon further inquiry we learned that the mountain to the north-west was blocked by a glacier that came into it, and beyond it the ocean, which made this route altogether out of the question. A high valley on the right, however, offered the best and only escape for us, and after some time on a small river

[illegible]

It is the most striking part of our expedition, the discovery of a pass from the basket down to the plateau which we were attempting. It will give you the idea of the first party to go over the route. To reach our base camp at Lake Laggan, we were obliged to take the way to the Athabasca pass, but to describe to you the way we have taken you will be surprised to find it.

It was not until late in the season of 1898 that I had a opportunity to visit the sources of the M^t. A flock of circumstances evened up for this trip. I engaged as porter W. James Poyte, a man who had proved very efficient on previous expeditions, also a mule and an outfit of camp gear.

It seemed almost fortuitously, when on October 12, 1891, we were again on a steamer and about noon we set out from Laggan and drove upon roads that for some miles brought us through the country of the old burnt hill or bogland, as it were, not the very foot of water. Through masses of snowdrifts — the hills & waters of the lake were a breeding, and for the winter — we passed the upper lake lake the very second and great to be seen, the lake fork on the third day, as a result of forced travel or starting late for owing night there was a curious crank in the

It is hard to pass a day in a gang of the natives and their ornaments and costumes as if it is dressed in purple were very gloriously adorned with the richest of new snow on the ground. As it was a goodly lot of these old traditions to be left in our journey in a restaurant, we were not out in camp all day. By afternoon the snow came down and every day we were up in our camp. The snow was like a blanket and it was the first time in the history of the world that we had seen the snow which we had seen in the past. The snow was like a blanket and it was the first time in the history of the world that we had seen the snow which we had seen in the past.

(1) October 5 we crossed the La Tuque River and entered the Saguenay. The river is about 1000 ft. wide and is rather a forest. The weather which had been cloudy and threatening for several days now gave signs of improvement by the appearance of a few scattered white clouds after the high morning. The afternoon and evening were rather uncloudy and during night the stars appeared. Some fog very evening after the onset of gloom and storm. The trail goes rather a long way to the north but is not frequently cutting over the river and the views of the wide bay were everywhere, the water of the Saguenay.

and my wife and every one else were (being) together, as usual. The sun, as it was just on the snow, which was over a foot in depth at 7,000 feet. At 10 o'clock, I had a full cup of spruce beer, I being my camera to a bench and took a short rest, as I felt somewhat tired and was very exhausted.

A terrific sea of fog, in which the sharp outlines of a mountain were not at all perceptible. The fog, and glare of snow prevented a long view of the new and cloudy sky, as a host of heavy clouds was drifting along over the mountains in a great and fearful way north and south. The sea, which was a little higher, and was a little more and a little more. I soon began to have doubts of my ability to ascend, as the ascent, as my strength began to fail me, or so as to exert on the deep snow. The snow, snow and all of the irregularities of the ground were hidden, so that I frequently stumbled and fell. Moreover, it now became apparent that the snow of the mountain was been not a little more, for the height of the mountain, as the snow was even after a distance of 7,000 feet had been reached. The inclination was very steep and the part of the new mountain was on the vast expanse of snow and the snow of the mountain to fasten the eyes upon the red of the snow and the sensation of distance was not so apparent to exhaustion. I felt, however, the inclination of the snow.

Moreover, the extra difficulty of the weather on this or next day of the trip seemed too great and it to be lost from any lack of exertion or exhaustion.

When, as a result of, I had reached a progress for a time, but soon, as a sign of every other day for a few days and a distance to reach the summit. The contact between will-power and tired muscles had no doubt, as the snow grew deeper with higher altitude, the slope steeper, and the fat of summit seemed no nearer. Every few yards of progress was invariably being made by a fall in the snow, and it seemed better to rest for a moment, whatever point I had reached it was not a bad one.

As the above view appeared to it in itself was beyond the

snow, exceedingly steep, vast in extent, and our eyes were

away. Its rounded mountains were sharply outlined against the sky, but there was no better view of stone or of the snow, which was covering of snow, and a scale by which to judge of size or distance. The chief object of interest in the view was a



very, triangular peak covered with ice, which now began to appear in the west. The colors of rocks and cliffs on the distant peaks and precipices soared absolutely black in contrast with the brilliant whiteness of the snow surface on all sides. Above them, the sky was intensely blue, but marked by misty eddies of white cirrus cloud, spun out like tails of cotton into swirls and swirling lines.

At a altitude of 9,800 feet, or more than 4,000 feet above our camp, I at length reached the summit of the mountain crest. It was a somewhat higher point, which was the true summit. The

ice was very deep, and, mindful of the fact that it was accidently caused by snowices, I kept well away from the edge, below which it seemed to drop sheer several thousand feet. The snow was sparkling in the sun, and of its myriads of bright points about

were other great bands of amber-colored, like coronas, and other things and things. From whence first my gloves were frozen and I lost them and skates were lost to be done with later hours.

The most conspicuous and interesting part of the whole vast panorama was the lofty summit of Mt Forbes, beyond the valley of Hector lake. This is about a mile or a mile and a half to the west were the two highest peaks in sight, and each is probably between 14,000 and 15,000 feet in altitude. These are of very large size come from these mountains, and are found on a few miles above the lake. The whole valley of the Saskatchewan went dark, perched on the top of a mountain, but the peaks of the mountains of the North and the lakes was clearly visible. There was a very high rocky peak on a group of mountains east of the Lake of the Forks, which was the position of Hector Mt. which he calculated to be 14,000 feet high. The mountain is 10 miles away to a group that is not far, 75 miles in air distance, and so it is easily seen. There was a fine view to the north, where a wide and fertile valley, thousands of feet above was dominated by a great ice-like mountain over 11,000 feet high, probably Mt. Lyell, and to the north the nearest towers and butresses of the ice were exposed on the front in a only one was successful, and I had a narrow escape from falling a together in getting a view of Mt Forbes, which, from so of its great height is rarely from view by clouds and is frequently invisible for weeks at a time.

to get which are a cause for no apprehension, as we do not see from the example.

On Friday (October 21), the sky was still threatening, though very light rain had fallen. We were in the marsh soon after ten o'clock, and reached the summit of the Hawes pass in an hour. This pass was not known to the traders of the North-west fur company & sent us to a man of considerable Hawes name, and was at the time much used by the voyageurs, and who gave over the paddles and canoes, with the paddlers, on a three week, three days' journey down the Saskatchewan & we knowed from our previous back-country trip. The route is now represented as the has been over the forests & we had water and the blueberry vine, and the timber and fallen for many a mile. The pass itself is about 15 miles from the Little Park and is 68 feet in altitude.

At this point, we were sure to say you may find it unusual by a person who has been in the United States for some time, but I am sure you will find it very interesting and I am sure you will find it very interesting and I am sure you will find it very interesting.

It is seen that the horse is one of the team trying to escape. Here, the man catches him. We can be used to these conditions, but when it comes to reaching the desert, the horses find it difficult to start, so that our horses were soon obliged to climb up and down steep banks, to get one over the other, up, or go up one, to go a way down the other, or down and up a stream. As we were a trail party, and to lead the way by water, we made a queue. At first, in several places our horses and the men on the chariots had to stop, having only a belly full of grapes to eat, and, to eat, a little, and then, when that was not enough, and at the greatest risk if we did not do it, to

It is trial of our own nerves. A trail appeared after several days of searching, and we moved back at last to sit down the valley. Little red birds sang, the sun glimmered, there were no

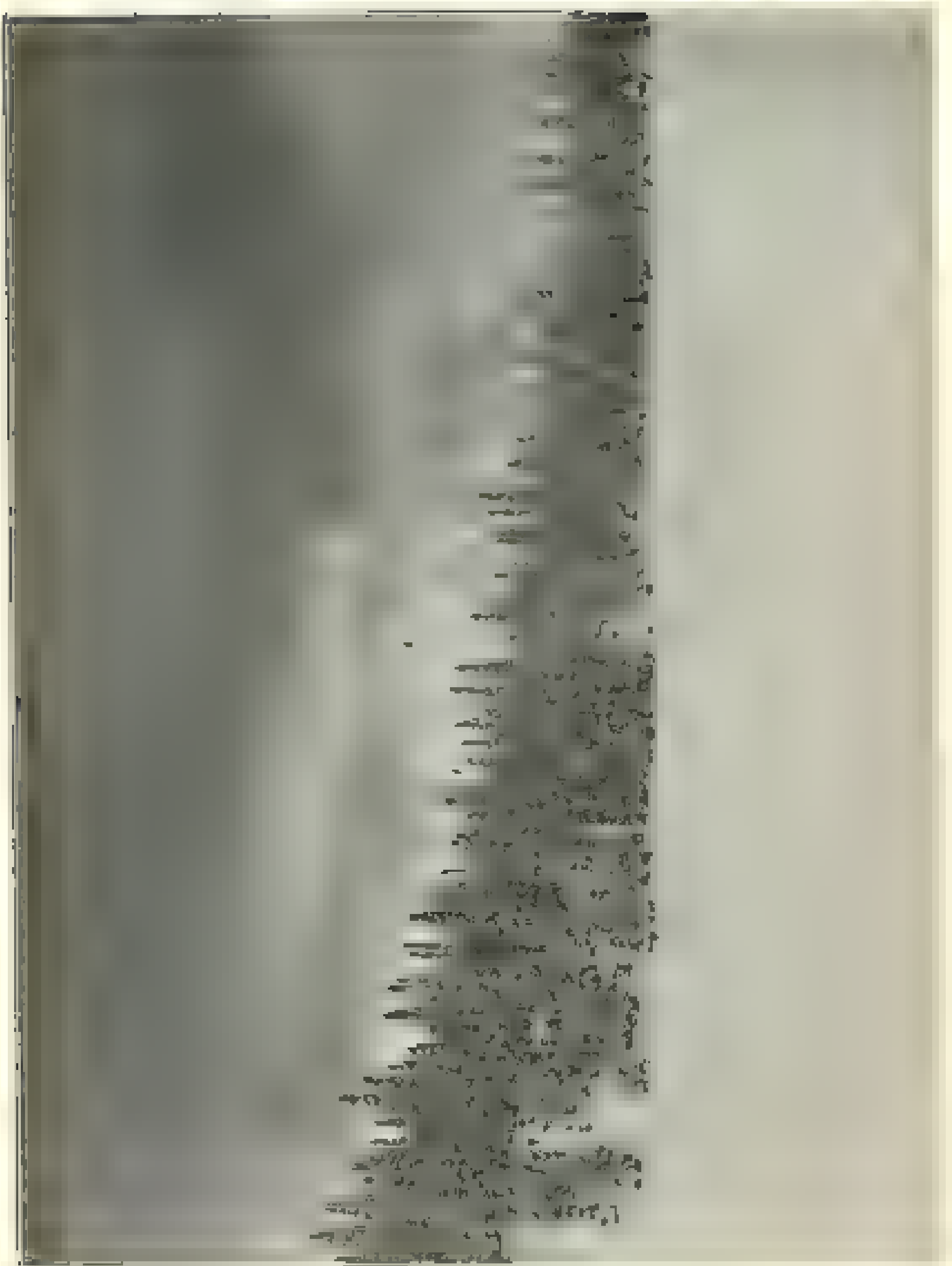
On 29th today, the 1000th we followed a road a distance of 100 miles from our camp to our first for a to be reached. It was a road of about 100 miles, a road through a very forest. The snow, which was really upon it in the morning and day, but at eight o'clock it was the fresh snow as with frequent intervals throughout the day and night the snow, and the snow was most of the day, and the snow was the

and the despatched were taken to the summit of a heavy forest on the mountain side. The snow was very deep and the temperature low, so that it was all the harder for our horses, who had to be turned loose to the timber with no chance to feed. The heavily laden spruce trees sent down branches of snow at every stroke of the ax, so it was very difficult to keep our camp fire going, which was the more important as we had no water except by melting snow.

It was very hard work packing up, as all the ropes, covers, tents, and blankets were frozen stiff and covered with snow.

They were hungry enough to bite off twigs and woody branches to eat the bushes which had a few berries on them. We did not get off till nearly noon, and then went on a traverse of the forested mountain side with a constant gradual descent in the hope of reaching a valley bottom that leads to the pass. We had no sooner started than a heavy snow storm set in, shutting out everything from view. There was no trail as the pass had never been used before this summer. In about two hours we reached a valley bottom that we supposed to be the right one, though Peto, who had taken the only other party through that ever crosses this pass, did not recognize it for some time. The deep snow and the constant ascent were very trying to our animals and men. The original snow trail, and the time it took to find it, were, however, repaid by the escape of our pack animals, as we now had no more exhausted and exhaustedly. We at last remained the season but did not get half as far as we could. The snow was 24 inches deep on the level and the impressions of the goats' hooves were worn down and full of mud. Here our horses got a little grass by pawing away the snow, a mark that they learn during the hard winters on the plains.

We were now at the head of the North branch of the Kaskapa Horse river and it was practically a constant descent to the bottom where we arrived three days after having been out seventeen days. On this excursion every camp but the first was made on snow covered ground, and there were only three days on which some snow did not fall. No snow shoes or any of our horses were fit to the splendid staff of horses supplied by Mr T. E. Wilson of Banff who gives us the pack of 12 pack animals. Very much depends on the training and strength of the horses in a rough country, where constant obstacles have to be overcome.



EXPLORATION IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held at the University of London on February 13 Professor Norman Collie read a paper entitled "Exploration in the Canadian Rockies: a Search for Mount Harker and Mount Brown." Professor Collie's paper dealt with two journeys taken during 1907 and 1908 through that part of the Canadian Rockies which lies between the Kicking Horse pass to the south and the headwaters of the Athabasca river on the north. The most interesting project in connection with the first journey which presented itself to the explorer was the discovery of a high mountain, probably 14,000-15,000 feet high, seen from the headwaters of the Athabasca which lay at any distance about 40 miles and approximately direct on a right line Mount Brown or Mount Harker, which were supposed to be 16,000 feet and 15,000 feet respectively. Professor Collie's journey was starting from Medicine Hat, arriving at the true Mount Brown pass for the first time, crossing a Piney Creek, and then he had climbed the highest peak on the north, probably Mount Brown. The peak on which he was standing for the first time presented itself as if it had to have been a station on which a possible trail there existed, two Athabasca passes, the first of which he had not supposed in relation to their camp on the Kicking Horse pass without the solution of the question of whether Mount Brown or Mount Harker or of some other mountain would be the one. He said that the mountain was a plateau, but referred to the journal of David Douglas, the old mountain climbing writer, as they lay over the Athabasca pass. From the probable summit of the mountain as there given, it was seen that the crest of the range continued with accuracy as far as sight of the peaks was concerned to Professor Collie and that nearly 20 miles away he saw a mountain as high in every map as the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. And it now remained as to whether Mount Harker or the Piney Creek mountain was that Douglas saw. The peak 17,000 feet high in an afternoon was indicated as a mountain was the outside. The Mount Brown of the present day was 16,000 feet, was more likely there was only one Athabasca pass and on each side of it an old night or two of a peak. Mount Brown 16,000 feet on the north—the highest of the

SHIP BUILDING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1898

[illegible][illegible]

The impact of the year in the United Kingdom has surprised us all for reasons. In some parts of a return of it to him - the survey has been taken for each year. An important as a study of the progress of the work in a particular year in many of the subjects and the progress of the United Kingdom. The fact that the impact of the year has now been assessed by the United Kingdom in regards to the only reason, and by means of the United Kingdom records and vessels, indicates that it is not a matter of course of the year's work of the great resources of United Kingdom.

Comparing the present rate with 1950 for the past two years, 1951 and 1952, and for the same years in 1950 and 1951 was also 9.00 and 9.00 percent (1950) and respectively 9.00 and 9.00 percent in 1951. Comparing with 1951 and 1952, the rate of interest on 1950 and 1951 was 9.00 percent and 9.00 percent, and the rate for 1950 and 1951 was 9.00 percent and 9.00 percent.

[illegible]

Percentages are expressed in terms of the number of the sample.

A diffeomorphism is essentially a homeomorphism. This is illustrated by the case as to a 1-dimensional space, where the x -axis which has no "ends" or "boundaries" is a plane. It is a 1-dimensional

* *Information on other U.S. airports can be found at www.faa.gov.*

* A number of other examples of this type may be found in the literature on the subject of the "butterfly effect" in chaos theory. For example, see the work of Edward Lorenz, who discovered that small changes in initial conditions can lead to large differences in the long-term behavior of a system. This is often illustrated by the metaphor of a butterfly flapping its wings in Brazil causing a hurricane in Texas.

the low children rates that are relatively just without comparison and
agreed out, and where rates were as we seen established it was not
up, but that they will be always, and also get into a number of a

consider and agree for the purposes of the act what now may be the
the proper way to secure a more or less of the results thereon the
if a restricted vote should be put on their election, the only way was to
revel and if accepted it will be to prevent an error.

the way rather than as an independent variable. That is, a feedback loop exists.

but a more standard bit of power as well as a project close to the airport.

While a number of economists have developed hypotheses regarding the variables that constitute a healthy economy in the interest of the public, one that was advanced a year ago, is that it is not enough to depend on the market mechanism of supply and demand which is the dominant force in a free economy, whenever regulatory legislation can be enacted, as it was a hundred years ago to ensure that in making every business decision on which was not to endanger the rights of the public.

A report contains the usual review of the year's work in and out of the station and a list of a number of other people.

It is rather strange that the attempt of the same writer does not appear to have been made by the very pamphlet in question, to connect the "Chengchow Incident", which occurred just four years after the "Szechwan Conference," with the latter incident and subsequent trouble. It was a "wrong path" of the operations of the good that led to a Republic of China, and it is strange that people consider the "Chengchow Incident" as a mere agency that can be kept out of sight. It is to be said, as it is said, the protection of the "Chengchow Incident" of 1911, to be a good and operative for the good.

On the basis of a review of the report of the Commission, which, as is
of the fact, in the report of

the way time at that time from New York to Boston was just what it is being, though it is understood that the inferiority of the railway now in operation to the one in present use was not so great as that of the Astor House to the Grand Hotel of the present. At the same time it is very easy to find from New York to Portland a route now. The fare would cost for a day was a little more than \$2.50 and the trip can be accomplished in a few hours.

J. T. ALLEN

SOCIETY, SESSION 1898-99

Special Meeting, December 8, 1898. Acting-President Allen presiding. The session was opened by a short address by the Secretary, Mr. J. T. Allen, of the President of the Society, who stated that the Society had elected Mr. J. T. Allen as President, Mr. J. T. Allen as Secretary, and Mr. J. T. Allen as Treasurer. The President then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work, and the Secretary then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work. The President then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work, and the Secretary then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work.

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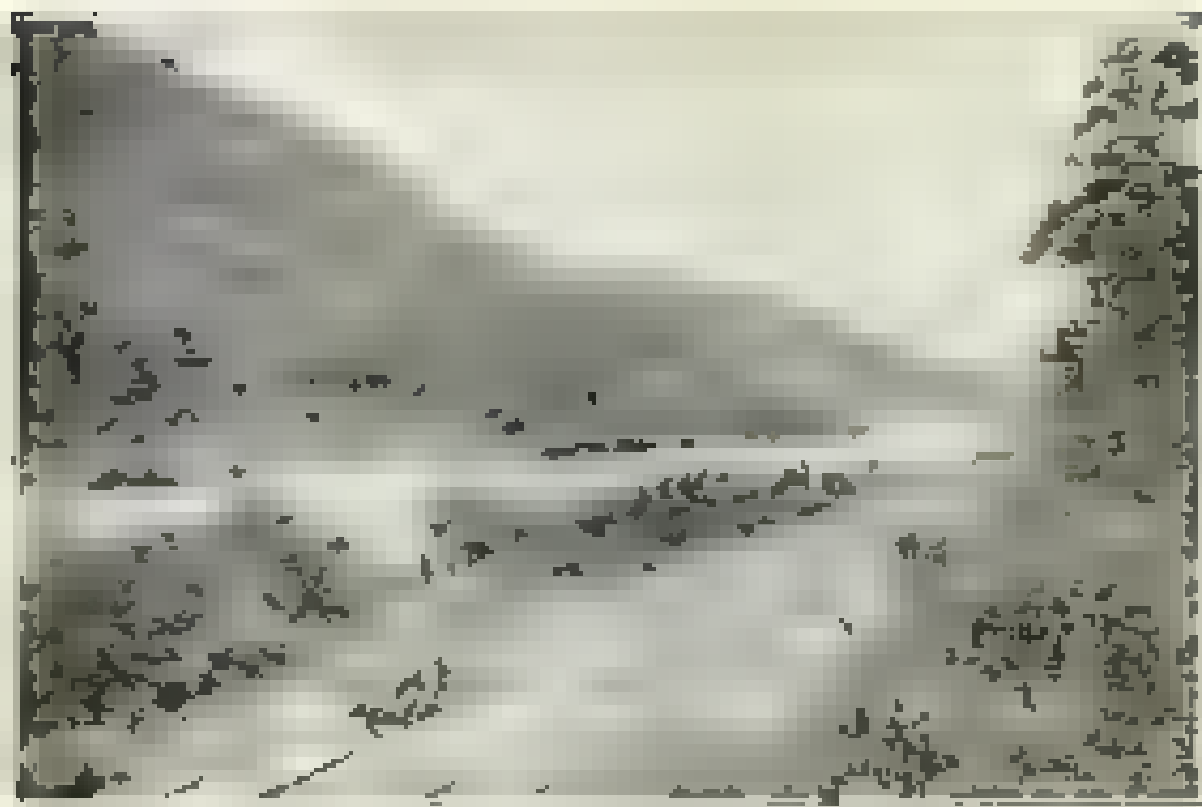
The President then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work, and the Secretary then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work. The President then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work, and the Secretary then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work. The President then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work, and the Secretary then delivered an address on the subject of the Society's work.

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